

The Mate's Mate

By M. GOLDSMITH

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The third day out of port, and the ocean was as calm as a mill pond. Not so the heart of the first mate of the good steamer Oceanica. He had weathered many a hurricane, but had never experienced such an emotional storm as now swept over his soul. The unconscious cause of it sat on deck near the bridge reading a novel—a bright, brown-haired maiden with rosy cheeks and an exuberance of spirits, an American rosebud who had been touring in Europe and was now homeward bound. Mrs. Laird, her mother, who accompanied her, lay in her cabin sick, and Irene, tiring of the stuffy air amidships, had come on deck to breathe the old Neptune's ozone.

Spying the mate on the bridge, she nodded pleasantly. "Mr. Caldwell," she said, "you promised to take me through the engine room and show me the machinery."

"So I did," he replied. "If you are ready, this will be as good a time as any."

Calling the second mate to take his place, he descended the ladder. Irene had risen, and placing her arm in his, they wended their way leisurely to the engine room. Truly she was a vision of loveliness and the mate's heart beat as loudly—as it seemed to him—as did the pulsating machinery.

Next they turned their steps toward the room where the dynamo whirled and sang as it turned out current for the ship's illumination. The mate explained in detail the delicate contrivance, while Irene listened with evident interest.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Caldwell," she said. "I've enjoyed it hugely, but I really must turn in now. Will you escort me to the cabin entrance?"

He left her at the door and wandered back to the bridge with his head in a whirl. If he could but do something to show the girl how much he loved her, and to make himself worthy of her love in return.

Next day a sudden storm transformed the ocean into a chaos of hills and valleys. The squall changed to a tempest which buffeted the big ship about like a cork. Irene dragged herself on deck; it was her only salvation



"May I Come on the Bridge?"

from seasickness, and by holding on to the rails and ropes she managed to reach her chair near the bridge. Mate Caldwell was not long in discovering her, and greeted her cordially.

"May I come on the bridge," asked Irene wistfully. She felt timid in this whirl of elements.

Caldwell hesitated.

"You may come up if you like," he said, "but only for a minute." He helped her up the steep steps, holding her hand longer than necessity required, and showed her how to steady against the rail.

"Please, sir," said the man at the wheel; "there's something the matter with the needle."

Indeed the compass showed unmistakable signs of perturbation as Irene passed it. Caldwell left the girl's side and looked at the box. The needle was calmly pointing ahead without a tremor.

"The wind must have affected your vision, Brown," he said and resumed his place near his fair companion. The allotted ten minutes lengthened to an hour and a quarter.

"I must go," she said at length. "Mother has not had her breakfast yet. She may be waiting for me." He helped her down and as far as the cabin door, after which he returned to the bridge in a delightful reverie.

"There is something wrong with the compass, sir," again said the pilot timidly. "As you left the bridge with the young lady, the needle made a complete circle."

Caldwell examined the box attentively, but could discover nothing extraordinary about the needle's action. He looked sharply at his subordinate to see if he had been drinking, but could find nothing to justify the suspicion.

Just before noon the clouds parted and for the first time during the day allowed a glimpse of the sun.

"We shall have a fine day after all," said the captain as he came on deck with his sextant and took observations. He appeared puzzled. "Good heavens, Caldwell," he exclaimed suddenly. "We are out of the course. Fully 40 miles to the northward. What do you suppose is the matter?"

"It must have been the hurricane of last night," replied the mate, "or perhaps—"

"Ship ahoy," cried the man on the lookout.

"Where?" shouted the captain.

"Right ahead. She is flying a signal of distress."

The captain's glass revealed a craft not far off laboring heavily in the waves. In an hour the Oceanica caught up with the disabled ship. She proved to be the Dorothy, a sailing vessel which had been caught by the awful storm and was fast going to pieces.

By this time the passengers of the steamer had assembled on deck to witness the unwonted and exciting scene. Irene stood by the rail and gazed in fascinated wonder at the spectacle of a wreck in midocean. The hurricane had dismantled its victim, the vessel had sprung a leak, which was fast becoming larger and her sinking was only a matter of a few moments. The lifeboats had been washed away and the bulwarks were on a level with the sea. The crew, driven by the encroaching waters from the deck, had lashed themselves to what remained of the masts and were helpless to avert their certain doom.

With infinite trouble and by dint of great personal risk and courage, the Oceanica's boats were lowered and piloted through the tempestuous waves to the sinking ship. Caldwell directed the operations with skill, and after each boat had received its allotment of rowers, he swung himself into one of them. Before cutting loose, however, he glanced up and sought a face on deck. Irene had watched him and waved her handkerchief encouragingly. It was all he needed. He would have gone to certain death for that smile.

The work of rescuing the imperiled crew was not easy. The sea was dangerously turbulent and it required courage, endurance, heroism to achieve success.

At length the 15 souls who had manned the ill-fated Dorothy were transferred from the Oceanica's boats to the Oceanica herself, where they were met with loud acclamations and general rejoicing. Suddenly the wrecked ship gave a lurch and sank, while the sea closed over her in a seething maelstrom.

Caldwell was the last to climb on deck. The captain shook his hand enthusiastically.

"You did well," he said. "It was a risky business, and you proved yourself a hero. I shall see to it you receive a proper recognition when we reach port."

"Let me add my congratulations," said Irene, sweetly. "No, I am not afraid of getting wet. One does not see a hero every day." This praise was dearer far than even the captain's words of encouragement.

"But," said the captain, "I cannot understand by what singular good fortune we managed to go so far out of the way. Had we kept on our course we would never have come across the Dorothy, and these poor fellows would now be at the bottom of the sea."

"It must have been the storm of last night."

"Nonsense. The wind was from the north, and could not have blown us 40 miles to the northwest. There must be something wrong with the steering gear."

"I have it," cried Caldwell. "Brown said this morning that the needle was erratic. Perhaps that is the cause of it."

The captain made a rush for the bridge, followed by the mate. The needle was normal.

"Who was up here this morning with Brown?"

"I," said Caldwell.

"Anyone else?"

"Yes, Miss Laird," replied the mate reluctantly.

"Oh," said the captain, as he looked at the mate searchingly. "You know that such a thing is against orders. Well, I won't scold you after what you have just gone through. Will you please come up again, Miss Laird?"

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," she climbed up the ladder.

No sooner had she reached the bridge before the needle again trembled in her direction.

"What a strange phenomenon," cried the captain, astounded. "Are you magnetic, Miss Laird?"

"Not that I know of."

"Wait a minute!" cried Caldwell.

"Do you wear steel in your corsets, Miss Laird?"

Irene blushed and looked troubled.

"That's a strange question to ask a lady," she said.

"Never mind the unconventionalality of the question. Answer me."

"Yes."

"Then the mystery is solved. Yesterday I took Irene, Miss Laird, I mean, into the dynamo house. The current probably magnetized her corsets and they in turn affected the needle."

"And lucky thing it was," laughed the captain. "But for that magnetization, those poor fellows would now be in their watery grave. Be careful, Miss Laird, that you don't turn other heads besides that of the compass."

"That evening Mr. Caldwell and Miss Laird had a private conversation behind one of the boats that had done such excellent service during the day. By the time the couple returned Miss Laird had promised to be the mate's mate."

Turning Weeds Into Sheep

By Robert H. Moulton

The world needs more wool and to obtain the necessary supply of this commodity the country must raise more wool producers—there should be a flock of sheep on every farm.



THE remarkable success recently achieved by Mr. Y. C. Mansfield of Endicott, Washington, in fattening several hundred head of sheep on the Australian salt-bush has created an interest in this once despised weed, which is rapidly spreading throughout the north-west states. One result of Mr. Mansfield's experiment is that other farmers on whose acres the weed grows have come to look upon what was formerly considered absolutely worthless land as a real bonanza, and they are now preparing to turn their attention from the raising of hogs and wheat to sheep, with the assurance that, under ordinary conditions, they can hardly fall short of Mr. Mansfield's success. They see opened before them what is practically a virgin field of sheep raising, offering wonderful possibilities.

As soon as the value of the salt-bush as a forage crop became generally known it undoubtedly will be cultivated in other sections of the West. As a matter of fact, it is now found along all the highways from Arizona to Washington, but very few people know its true name and fewer know that it is a valuable plant. In eastern Oregon it is generally known as the Pendleton food weed, and has been looked upon as such a pest that there is a law in the state against allowing it to go to seed.

According to Mr. Mansfield, however, it is really of more value to eastern Oregon than the alfalfa plant, for not only is it a far better feed for sheep, but it will grow on the most arid land, and practically requires no attention after once getting a stand, as it grows in hard, firm soil better than on loose, well-cultivated land.

Mr. Mansfield's experience, as related by him to the writer, who was fortunate to visit the farm at a time when a thousand head of sheep had just been turned into a new pasture of the saltbush, when the accompanying photographs were taken, reads almost like a fairy story.

For several years Mr. Mansfield farmed 3,000 acres of land, all of which was wheat land with the exception of 150 acres, which were sub-irrigated alfalfa land. Finally the land became so foul with Russian thistles and Jim Hill mustard, that this, together with the high cost of labor and the low price of wheat, made it impossible for

DECIPHERING WORLD'S OLDEST LOVE LETTER AT UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE world's oldest love letter and the world's oldest map, so far found—these are two interesting discoveries just brought to light by Dr. Stephen Herbert Langdon of the University of Pennsylvania's Museum of Arts and Sciences.

The love letter, on a tablet of clay, was, according to Doctor Langdon, written about the time of the patriarch Abraham.

It is true that in the translation romance gives way to commercialism, but nevertheless there is nothing of the kind in any other museum. The tablet was deciphered and translated by Doctor Unad.

Personal letters of this type written by the ancient are generally found inclosed in clay envelopes, so fashioned that while they cover the writing completely and hold the tablet itself secure they do not obliterate the symbols, but rather protect them.

So much for the love letter, but Doctor Langdon, leading Sumerian scholar of all time, seems much more interested in the ancient Babylonian map which he has just finished reading.

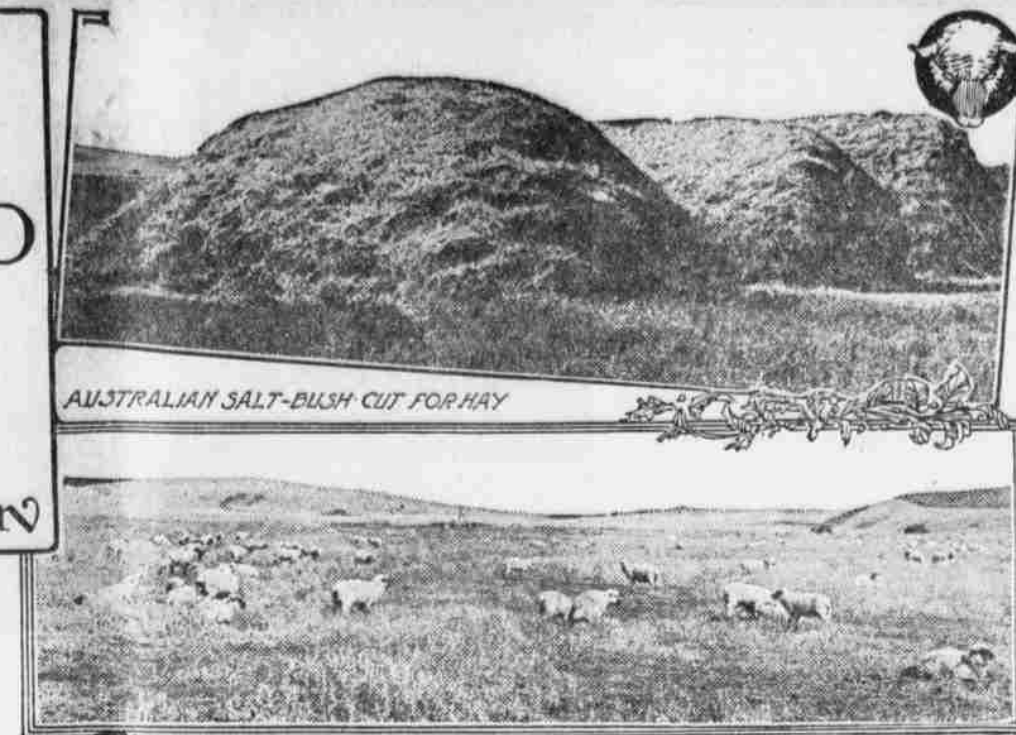
The map proves conclusively that the comprehensive city planning, heard so much of in recent years, is almost as old as civilization.

Not only did the Babylonians plan the building of their towns and cities, but, according to this map or diagram, they laid out villages and hamlets along preconceived plans to give residents "all the advantages of city life."

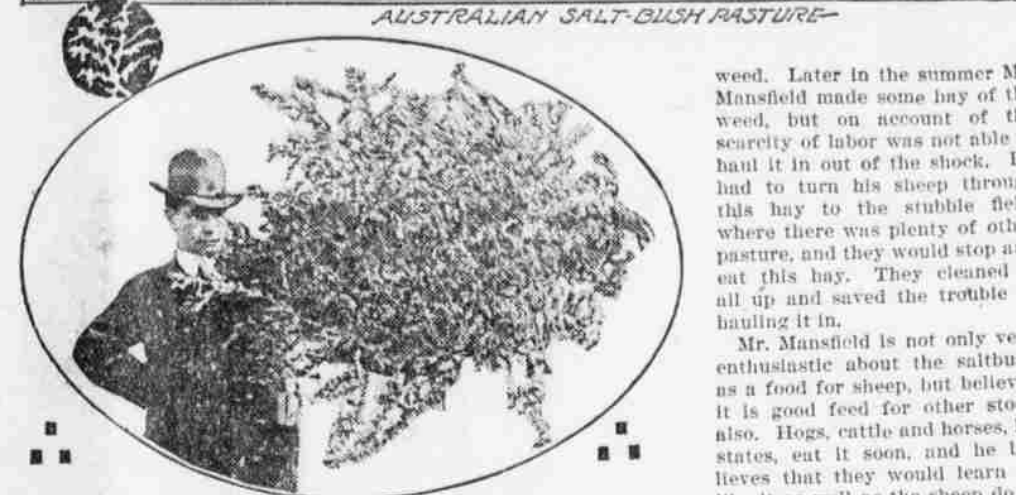
Nothing like the map just discovered at the university ever has been found before by archaeologists, and evidently it is only one of many. If it can be taken as a fair sample of the forethought exercised by ancient Babylon in building up her outlying domains, then the whole country must have been connected by the most elaborate system of canals in the history of the world.

Babylon had no telephone or telegraph, but for certain fundamental purposes of protection it had "something just as good." For Doctor Langdon has translated some of the numerous small inscriptions on the tablet bearing the map to indicate that the particular section here described was so laid out that persons living in any part of it could hear the blowing of a horn from the central common. It was an old custom in the country to blow a horn at a certain season of the year, after which grazing was no longer permitted. The reason for this is lost in antiquity, but examination of other tablets at the museum some day may reveal it.

The exact age of the map is not definitely known. Doctor Langdon believes it was made in the Cassite period, about 1,500 years before Christ. Concerning the horn-blowing custom, Doctor Langdon says: "The map throws a welcome light



AUSTRALIAN SALT-BUSH CUT FOR HAY



SHOWING HEAVY FOLIAGE OF THE SALT-BUSH

him to longer continue in the growing of wheat alone without also keeping live stock to help pay the living expenses.

Accordingly, two years ago, he decided to invest in a flock of sheep, and it was while driving these home that he made the discovery which he has since turned to such good account.

Along the road near the Mansfield farm the salt-bush grew in abundance, and to Mr. Mansfield's infinite surprise the sheep began feeding upon it greedily. He figured upon the spot that he had destroyed \$500 worth of good sheep feed that year, besides wasting a great deal of labor, in trying to get rid of the weeds.

Last summer he pastured his entire flock of 1,000 sheep on the salt-bush with the most astonishing results. The sheep were not only exceedingly fat, but their wool was of a superior quality. Several neighboring farmers with small flocks of sheep followed Mr. Mansfield's experiment and their sheep, also, were in much better shape than those that were taken to the mountains during the summer.

During a period of two weeks last summer Mr. Mansfield's flock of 1,000 sheep was kept on less than five acres of ground that was growing Australian salt-bush, and they did not clean the feed all up at that. These five acres of land were two feed yards where he had fed stock for years and consequently they grew an immense amount of the weed, but ordinarily dry land which practically will not grow anything else, will produce this

on it. Sheep, he adds, must be confined on it a day or two before they relish it. Then they go to it with avidity. They do not, however, eat enough of it to make them sick and die, as they do on alfalfa and a great many other plants, but they get exceedingly fat on it.

The Australian saltbush is described as a much-branched perennial, which forms a thick mat over the ground a foot or 18 inches in depth, the branches extending from five to eight feet; one plant often covering an area of 15 to 20 square feet. The leaves are about an inch long, broadest at the apex, coarsely toothed along the margin, fleshy and somewhat mealy on the outside. The fruits are tinged with red, flattened and pulpy, but become dry as soon as they fall from the plant. The seeds germinate better if sown on the surface, which should be planked or firmed by driving a flock of sheep across it. When covered to any depth the seeds decay before germination.

The plant will grow on black alfalfa land that is really of no value for anything else on earth. Mr. Mansfield states that there are millions of acres of such land in the United States, which, if sown to this seed, undoubtedly would keep sheep enough to produce more wool and mutton than is now raised in the entire United States.

Mr. Mansfield adds that if cut for hay the saltbush should be cut while the branches are soft and tender, and the second crop will make considerable pasture and re-seed the ground.

upon an obscure law in the great law code of part of the tablet:

"Field between the canals, the contents (?) are eight gul (a measure of area in the Cassite and Assyrian inscriptions) field of the palace."

"Therefore the mapmaker wished to give an accurate drawing of the field belonging to the royal estates," says Doctor Langdon, "and we may assume that he did his work at the king's injunction, and that the tablet has come down to us from the royal archives at Nippur. The Cassite kings nominally held court at Babylon, as the capital of Babylonia.

Forests were unknown in southern Babylon, and the natives had to use reeds for making baskets, household furniture, firewood, hedges and even for the writing stylus. Accordingly, a municipal marsh was an essential, and one is shown on the map at the university museum. Another feature of no little significance, which sheds light for the first time on the origin of the customs that sprang up in the middle ages of endowing monasteries with estates to provide for their tables, is the "field of the table of the Baru priest." On this phase of the diagram Doctor Langdon says:

"The Baru priest was the seer of the Babylonians, whom they invariably consulted about all future events. This learned priesthood was attached to all the great temples and, as we see here, owned valuable landed estates. The idea of a state-supported order of seers seems preposterous to us, for divination is considered illegal, but Babylonian religion was supercharged with magic and mystery. Kings and laymen undertook no important tasks, launched no important ventures, without consulting these sages of the liver omens, of oil omens and of every conceivable kind of divination. They formed an important part of the priesthood, and hence we find them on our map in possession of estates more valuable than those of the king himself."

"In the extreme corner of the northwestern part of the district is the village of Hamri, situated in a field which bears no name, perhaps the municipal property. South of this area is the field in which we find a village with the curious name Til amel Hassa, or Hill of the Fifty Men. The local history of this town, which would elucidate its interesting name, is unknown. The field itself bears no inscription and was probably a village common also. A small canal separates the two village properties. The large field of the table of the Baru priest is bounded on the north by the canal of the table. These names refer to the properties settled by royal decree upon this religious order for the support of their table, in precisely the same way certain lands in Europe became the property of monastic orders in the middle ages."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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LESSON FOR OCTOBER 21

THE TEMPLE REBUILT AND DEDICATED.

LESSON TEXT—Ezra 3:8-13; 6:34-35.
GOLDEN TEXT—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.—Psalms 100:4.

The remnant which returned had now become settled in their new homes. As it would be a considerable time before the temple could be rebuilt, arrangement was made for the religious life as early as possible, as religion was the very heart of the nation's life. They first set up the altar of the God of Israel (3:1-3) and offered burnt offerings thereon. They next revived the annual festivals (3:4-7) which had a powerful, unifying influence upon them.

I. The Appointment of Officers to Set Forward the Work of the Lord's House (v. 8, 9). Overseers were needed to direct this great work. Rubbish needed to be cleared away so the building operations could begin; timber needed to be cut in the Lebanon forests and floated down to Joppa; stones needed to be cut from the quarries; intelligent and consecrated men were needed to direct this work, as it was needful that it be done with the utmost expedition. The Lord's house demands the most systematic adjustment of its labors. Mere zeal will not make up for lack of intelligence.

II. The Foundation of the Temple Laid (3:10-13). This was done amid great rejoicing. The consciousness that the Lord's house was taking shape, even though the mere foundations could be seen, provoked great enthusiasm on the part of the people. Musicians were appointed to furnish music while the work was being done. Under the influence of music men will do better work, armies will march and fight better when bands are playing. While there was great joy, there was also, mingled sorrow. This was on the part of the elders who had seen the former temple. The meanness of the present temple in comparison with Solomon's temple caused their praise to be drowned with their sorrow. These people belonged to that class who think that nothing now is so good as in the former days. So completely were these voices commingled that the people could not discern the one from the other.

III. The Building of the Temple Delayed by Opposition. (Chapters 4 and 5). For a time matters went smoothly with them, but as soon as the work had taken such shape as to show that there was some prospect of success, the half-heathen Samaritans began to oppose them. No vital work of God will be allowed to go on without opposition. Satan resents and bitterly opposes all inroads upon his kingdom. These Samaritans sought to frustrate this work of God by:

(1) An Alliance With the Jews (4:2, 3). They wanted to bring the work in harmony with their own religious practices, as God's pure worship would be a constant rebuke to them. "This is ever the way of the world, to seek to effect a compromise with God's children; but God's call is separation. 'Come out from among them' (2 Cor. 6:14-18). Nothing so weakens God's cause as worldly alliance and compromise. There is but one answer to be given to such an offer of compromise. 'Ye have nothing to do with us in building a house unto our God.' We are in the world, but not of the world."

(2) Weakening the Hands of the People (4:4). Doubtless this included the withdrawal of supplies, the spreading of dissension among the workmen, and the employment of counselors against them.

(3) Letters of Accusation to the Persian King (4:6, 7). So severe was this opposition that the building was delayed for a term of years. These counselors succeeded in creating doubt as to whether Cyrus had ever issued a decree for their return. This wicked opposition resulted in the undoing of the opposers, for search was made and a copy was found. Darius confirmed this by his own decree, and directed that aid be given from the royal taxes so that the house of God might be built.

IV. The Temple Completed and Dedicated (6:14-18). The Prophets Haggai and Zechariah now appear, and by warnings, exhortations and entreaties stir up the people so that the work goes forward to a successful completion. Without their aid probably the work would never have been completed. Human nature at times needs to be cheered and urged forward. These prophets did not themselves work in the building of the walls, yet their work was of even greater importance.

It is generally found that this is so with the religious leaders today. The words of cheer and encouragement of the Christian minister are needed daily for those who labor in the building of the Lord's house. Were it not for them many would give up the struggle. When the building was finished it was dedicated to God with great joy. This was possible because they had builded and finished their task according to the commandment of the God of Israel. The service of dedication was much after the order of that of Solomon's temple, only on a less magnificent scale.